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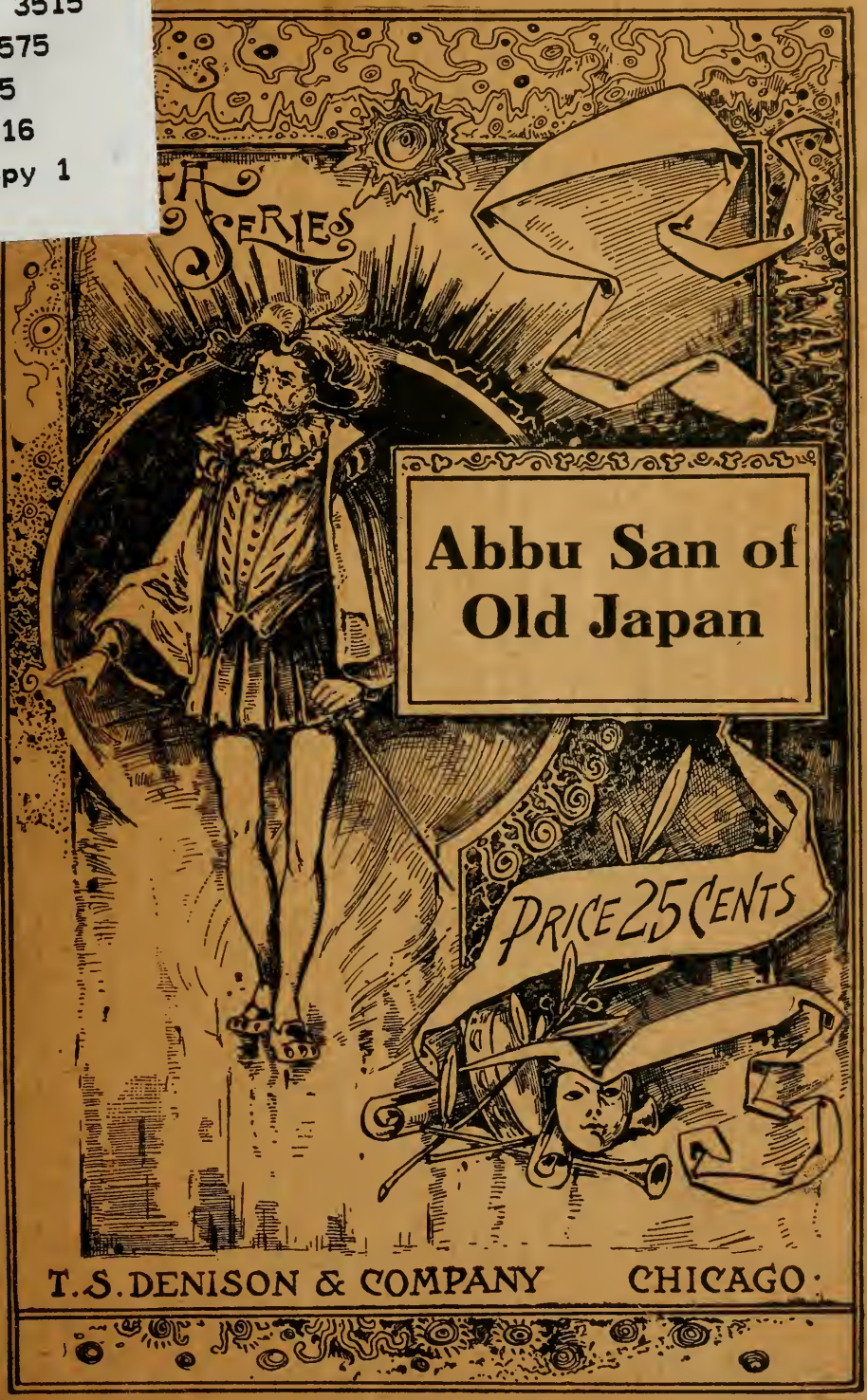

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY CHICAGO

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April Fools, 30 min.....	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.....	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.		19
Bad Job, 30 min.....	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.....	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min...	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.....	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min..		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2	1
Case Against Casey, 40 min...23		
Convention of Papas, 25 min..	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

ABBU SAN OF OLD JAPAN

COMEDY-DRAMA IN TWO ACTS

For Fifteen Girls

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF

"Aaron Boggs, Freshman," "Civil Service," "A College Town," "The Fascinators," "Kicked Out of College," "Laughing Water," "A Poor Married Man," "Macbeth á la Mode," "Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown," "Parlor Matches," "Rose o' My Heart," "A Rustic Romeo," "Sewing for the Heathen," "A Southern Cinderella," "Savageland," Etc., Etc.

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

[1916]

ABBU SAN OF OLD JAPAN

CHARACTERS.

MADAM MASAGO (*Morning Glory*) .....
.....*The Manager of the Players*
ONO.....*Her Maid of All Work*
PORTERS, MUSICIANS.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

ABBU SAN.....*Daughter of His Majesty*
THE DUCHESS FUJI-NO....*Second Cousin of His Majesty*
LADY YU-GIRI (*Mist of the Evening*).....*Her Daughter*
O MATSUKA SAN. }
O KIKU SAN..... } .....*Maids of Honor to the Princess*
OHANO.....*Wife of Junzo, the Bandit Chief*
NATSU-NO.....*Hostess of the Inn "Million Welcomes"*
OKUKU.....*Sister of the Ox, a Porter at the Inn*
UMI... }
SADA... } .....*Three Little Peasant Maids*
YASA... }
MISS HENRIETTA DASH.....*An American Newswriter*
AUNT PARADISE....*A Black Mammy from "Ole Virginny"*
COURT LADIES, PEASANT MAIDS, ETC.

ACT I. Palace in the Imperial City.
ACT II. Court-yard of an Inn in the Hill Country.

TIME—*During the Annual Chrysanthemum Fête.*

PLACE—*In Old Japan.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours.*

NOTE:—This play has been successfully presented without any of the Mikado music, but the songs and dances add greatly to the general effect.

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2

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MUSIC IN THE PRODUCTION.

1. Chorus of Court Ladies. Matsuka, Kiku and Court Ladies. From Mikado, Act I.
2. He's Going to Marry Yum-Yum. Matsuka and Ladies. From Mikado, finale to Act I.
3. The Sun and I. Soprano Solo by Abbu San. From Mikado, Act II.
4. The Slumber Boat. Solo by Matsuka. Music by Jessie L. Gaynor. Price, 25 cents.
5. The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring. Chorus. Mikado, Act II.
6. Ensemble Song. Abbu, Kiku, Matsuka, Yu-giri and Natsu-no. From Mikado, Act I.
7. Three Little Maids from School. Trio. Abbu, Kiku and Matsuka. From Mikado, Act I.
8. Finale. From Mikado, Act II.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Abbu San is a royal Princess in old Japan, the only daughter of the Emperor. She is a bright, happy child of nature and beloved by all the ladies of her court except a distant relative, Mist of the Evening, who is jealous of the popularity of the pretty little Princess. Mist of the Evening is engaged to marry the Baron Ito and is much incensed when the Princess permits the Baron to dance with her at the royal ball. The next day two of the court favorites, with whom Mist of the Evening is somewhat unpopular, falsely announce that Ito has jilted his fiancee and has decided to propose to the Princess.

Abbu San herself unconsciously lends color to the story by stating that she is soon to be betrothed, but not saying to whom. Mist of the Evening, furiously jealous, flies to her mother, the regal Duchess Fuji-no, who is almost beside herself at the imagined affront offered to her imperial household. She determines to rid her daughter of the Princess, who is about to visit the hill country to attend the annual chrysanthemum fête.

Abbu San with her three favorite attendants sail down the river to the hill country, and at the suggestion of the Princess they intend to compete with the village maids for the honor of being chosen queen of the fête. To do this Abbu San and two of the maids dress as peasants. Mist of the Evening, however, does not care to masquerade, and so retains her court garments. The convict woman, intent on abducting the Princess, arrives at the fête disguised as a peddler. Seeing only one lady in court garments, she naturally supposes she is the Princess and abducts Mist of the Evening.

In the meantime the Duchess at Tokyo learns that Ito is still faithful to her daughter and hurries to the hill country to save the Princess from the hands of the convict woman. Imagine her consternation when she learns that her own daughter has fallen a victim of the mother's duplicity. All ends happily, however, as Mist of the Evening is rescued by a valiant porter woman, who for this deed is chosen queen of the chrysanthemum fête.

Comedy is furnished by Miss Dash, an American newswriter and her black mammy, old Aunt Paradise, who "don't like dis here old Japan" and longs for "Ole Virginny."

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

Act I. An apartment of the Princess in the royal palace at Tokyo. Gossip of the court ladies. The jealousy of the Lady Yu-giri. The Princess enters from the hyacinth gardens and announces her approaching engagement. Miss Henrietta Dash and her black mammy from Old Virginia visit the imperial palace. Aunt Paradise is to be presented at court. "I don't like dat word court. I's jest naturally suspicious ob anything dat sounds like a policeman." Aunt Paradise expresses her contempt for kimonos. "Looks to me like dey all runnin' 'round dressed in nightgowns." Court geishas entertain the Americans with parasol dance.

Scene II. A room in the palace of the Duchess Fuji-no. The Duchess resents an imagined affront to her daughter

and plans vengeance on the Princess. "She shall plead with me for mercy, but Fuji-no knows no mercy. I live but for revenge, revenge!"

Scene III. A prison cell. The Duchess plots with the wife of the bandit to abduct the Princess.

Scene IV. A boat floating down the river. The Princess goes to attend the fete of chrysanthemums in the hill country. Slumber boat.

Act II. Garden of the Inn of a Million Welcomes in the hill country. The revels of the village maidens. The court ladies masquerade as peasant maids. The hostess of the inn and her wonderful porter woman, Okuku. Henrietta and Aunt Paradise arrive for the fete. "I certainly wishes I was back in dat good old Richmond, Virginny." The convict woman mistakes Yu-giri for the Princess and abducts her. The village maidens mock the court ladies. The Duchess arrives to save the Princess, but learns that her own daughter has fallen into the hands of the bandits. Yu-giri is rescued by the porter woman. The crowning of Okuku. Happy ending: The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

The chief costume of the Japanese woman is the kimono (accent on the first syllable), an outer garment, padded at bottom, made of soft clinging cloth ornamented with Japanese figures. The back has no seams and the front is open from top to bottom, sloping outward below the waist to show underskirt made very narrow and of contrasting color. Neck of kimono is cut V-shaped, the sleeves loose and end in long lined bags.

The obi is a wide sash passed twice around waist and gathered behind in butterfly bow.

Hair arranged in pompadour style, the back hair brought high on head and ornamented with pins and fans.

Surround the eyelashes with two fine lines penciled black,

continuing outward and curving slightly upward, meeting just beyond the corner of the eye.

MASAGO—Purple and lavender kimono, two drooping wistaria blossoms in front of ears. Fan. Gray hair. Gold pins in hair.

ONO—Rough gray men's socks with big toe separated. Blue denim trousers bound around ankle. Blue denim pajama coat with frogs. Black skull cap with red button.

COURT LADIES—Rich kimonos or mandarin coats. Flowers in hair. (ABBU wears only golden pins in hair.) Fans, etc.

OHANO, OKUKU *and* PORTERS wear costumes similar to ONO. PORTERS and OKUKU wear conical straw hats covered with dried grass.

PEASANT MAIDS and NATSU-NO—Simple kimonos, chrysanthemums in hair. Fans.

FUJI-NO. White hair, large horn spectacles. Rich robe.

HENRIETTA—Tan traveling costume, green vest, tan hat with green quill. Note book.

PARADISE—Black face and gloves. Woolly wig. Black and white check calico dress. Red vest. Alpine hat with red quill. Small traveling bag. Should be very stout.

OKUKU and PORTERS should be played by very tall girls.

NATSU-NO should be small and plump and so should KIKU.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R.* 3 *E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

ABBU SAN OF OLD JAPAN

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I: *Front curtains are down. Small stools at extreme R. and L. in front of curtains. Gong and gong-stick on stool at L. Vase containing one spray of cherry blossoms on stool at R.*

Enter ONO *from behind curtains. She pays no attention to the audience but turns her back and arranges the drapery of the curtains.* ONO *throughout the play acts bored and slightly disdainful, performing her duties lazily and with an impassive face. She proceeds lazily to bench at R., arranges blossoms, steps back, regards her work, rearranges flowers. Looks at audience, yawns, crosses to bench at L. Takes gong and strikes it once lazily. Replaces it, crosses to L. and exits lazily.*

Enter MASAGO *from behind curtains. She poses with arms gracefully uplifted in front of curtains. Comes forward to C. and smiles at audience.*

MASAGO. Honorable audience, I bow. (*Bows to R.*) Gracefully I salute you. (*Bows to L.*) Augustly I embrace you. (*Bows to C.*) For the edification of your estimable understandings, allow me, in my simple Japanese manner, to introduce my worthy self. I am O Masago San, proprietor and manager of this band of play-acting sisters. It is my illustrious duty to brush from your august minds the clouds that would otherwise mar your appreciation of our unworthy performance. I shall explain to you the intricate story of our play in simple words, so that your honorable intellects may intelligently follow the story. I tell you when to laugh, I tell you when to weep, I tell you when to applaud.

Our unworthy performance concerns the trials and tribulations that beset the exalted Princess Abbu San. You shall

see the plotting of villainous Duchess Fuji-no. You shall shudder with apprehension at her unworthy mischief-making and at the perils that surround our heroine, the most lovely Abbu San. But to overcome your trepidation I tell you at once that virtue and modesty are triumphant in the end and that villainy is augustly overcome. (*Raps fan on wrist, enter* ONO *from L.*) This one, honorable audience, is maid-of-all-work, Ono of the Plastic Countenance. To your eyes she is intensely invisible. (ONO *crosses to R. lazily.*) My introduction is completed. The play begins. (*Motions to* ONO, *who strikes gong twice and then exits at R.*) It is a room of the exalted Princess in the sun-kissed royal palace. Her two favorite maids of honor, O Matsuka San and O Kiku San, are chatting in the sun parlor of her exalted highness. The sun palace!

ACT I.

The front curtains are raised, disclosing a screened room. Large square pillows are on the floor. Japanese wall banner is seen at rear. Small table at rear C. supports vase containing one long spray of cherry blossoms. Four MUSICIANS *are seated on mats. Two down R. and two down L. with instruments (made of red painted cigar boxes with long necks.)* MATSUKA *and* KIKU *are seated R. C. and L. C. The* MUSICIANS *pantomime playing. (Real music comes from mandolins, guitars and flutes behind scenes.)*

MASAGO *crosses to L. front, raps with fan.* ONO *enters carrying cushion.* MASAGO *sits on cushion at extreme L. front. Exit* ONO.

MATSUKA (*rises, comes C. and bows to audience*). I am, honorable audience, O Matsuka San, of the little foot and winsome manners. Beloved am I of her imperial highness, and her favorite maid of honor. I honorably salute. (*Bows and resumes position at R. C.*)

MASAGO (*seated L.*). The court ladies come to greet the exalted Princess.

Music. MATSUKA *and* KIKU *rise, enter chorus of court ladies with fans singing. They form a line, single file, led by* KIKU *and* MATSUKA, *and daintily trip in serpentine fashion around the stage as they sing.*

CHORUS OF COURT LADIES

(*Sung to the tune of "Chorus of Girls," Act I, Mikado.*)

Comes a train of little ladies,
From imperial trammels free.
Each a little bit afraid is
Wond'ring what the world can be?
Is it but a world of trouble—
Sadness set to song?
Is its beauty but a bubble
Bound to break ere long?
Are its palaces and pleasures
Phantasies that fade,
And the glory of its treasures
Shadow of a shade?

(*Dancing with fans.*)

Maidens we, eighteen and under,
From imperial trammels free,
And we wonder, how we wonder,
What on earth the world can be.

(*At end of song all pose, then assume seats on mats,* KIKU *and* MATSUKA *at L. C. and R. C.*)

KIKU. Hath the Princess summoned you today, O Matsuka San?

MATSUKA. I have not seen her imperial highness. No word hath come from her august chamber.

KIKU. I wonder where she is

MATSUKA. Who knows. The estimable humming bird tarries by a flower a moment, and the next he is among the clouds; the illustrious kingfisher is seen for a second, and the next he is on the wing. Our Princess, the adorable Abbu San, is more lively than estimable humming bird, more vivacious than illustrious kingfisher. Who shall say where she keeps her exalted presence?

KIKU. And our august cousin, the Lady Yu-giri, sleeps late.

MATSUKA. Draw closer. A bit of gossip. (*All bend toward her.*) Mayhap she is wetting her pillow with honorable tears?

KIKU. Tears? Yu-giri, the proudest lady in all Japan, in tears?

MATSUKA. The Baron Ito was not overly attentive at the ball last night.

KIKU. I, too, noticed it. When the sun shines no one thinks of looking at the stars.

MATSUKA. The Princess allowed him to dance with her!

ALL (*shocked*). Oh!

MATSUKA. And he had already fastened the sprig of lime on Yu-giri's door.

KIKU. But our beloved Yum-Yum would not deign to look at Ito as a suitor.

MATSUKA. Assuredly not. But Yu-giri does not know that. She is unreasonably jealous. She reigned supreme until our Princess returned from the University, and now, now there is only one sun in the heavens.

KIKU. And Ito is dazzled by it. At the ball last night Yu-giri twice approached him in a most unmaidenly fashion, but he eluded her to dance with our Abbu San. Great was my honorable laughter! The Lady Yu-giri hath too stiff a back for the unworthy insignificance of myself.

MATSUKA. If Yu-giri is jealous of her Ito it is but the racing of black clouds in her exalted imagination. His Imperial Majesty has other plans for our beloved Princess. Yu-giri is safe with her little Ito.

KIKU. And yet all bees flock to the honey pot. I thank the gods no sprig of lime has been attached to my unworthy door. No man has won my maiden affections.

MATSUKA (*looking R.*). Poke a cane-brake, out flies a snake. The jealous Lady Yu-giri approaches, as a black cloud scuds across the snow-tipped Fugiyama.

MASAGO (*rises and announces clearly*). The Lady Yu-giri. (*Strikes gong once.*)

Enter YU-GIRI *from R. She comes down C. haughtily and surveys audience.*

YU-GIRI (*addressing audience*). I will state for your enlightenment, O audience of little understanding, that I am the Lady Yu-giri, of most exalted rank, only daughter of the widowed Duchess Fuji-no, second cousin to His Majesty. I would greet you with ceremonial bow, but I feel it is beneath my dignity so to do. Consider yourself so greeted. (*Steps back a little and speaks to* KIKU.) Hai, O Kiku San, I greet thee. And thee, Matsuka San. (*Sits at C., speaks disdainfully.*) And where is our effervescent Princess Yum Yum Abbu San this morning? Learning a new dance step from the court geishas, or seeking enlightenment from the barbarian dressmaker who tries to compass our little forms in steel bondage?

MATSUKA (*rises indignantly*). Lady Yu-giri, you forget yourself. In dishonorable jealousy and heartbreak, the passion speaks when the mind should bid it be silent.

YU-GIRI (*rises*). O Matsuka San, you are speaking to Yu-giri of exalted rank. Remember the difference between our stations.

MATSUKA. It is a crime of treason for you to speak with disrespect of a royal Princess.

YU-GIRI (*sarcastically*). Matsuka San, of renowned courtesy, forgive. Well versed am I in court etiquette and need no instruction from one of lower degree than my unworthy self.

KIKU (*rises*). Lady Yu-giri, Matsuka San, let us have estimable peace. It is too warm for dissension this morning. Honorably hearken to unworthy Kiku and waste no more perfumed air in argument.

YU-GIRI. Since the lime has been left at my mother's door and a suitor comes to woo, other maids less favored are filled with envy.

MATSUKA. Forgive unworthy questioning, Lady Yu-giri, but it is whispered among the court that the sprig of lime has been basely removed from the honorable door of your august mother.

YU-GIRI (*angrily*). You dare? May black clouds swallow thee, unworthy Matsuka San, for presuming to insult a daughter of the Imperial Court. My revered mother shall hear of this.

MATSUKA. I should honorably worry. It is whispered, adorable Yu-giri, that the Baron Ito is dazzled by the sun, and that the poor, little, insignificant star is to be deserted for a more august rival.

YU-GIRI. Oh! It is untrue. A jealous maid hath no regard for the gods. And you have never had a suitor. (*Cross to R.*) The Baron Ito is augustly faithful.

MATSUKA (*crosses to her*). Is he? An honorable little bird has whispered other words to the court. And as for the august little Ito—

(*Music cue.*)

HE'S GOING TO MARRY YUM-YUM.

(*From Finale, Act I, Mikado.*)

(MATSUKA *advances to* YU-GIRI, *extends fan suddenly and sings pertly to* YU-GIRI.)

MATSUKA. Why, he's going to marry Yum-Yum,
MAIDS. Yum-Yum!
MATSUKA. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb.
MAIDS. Come, come!
MATSUKA. And join our expression of glee.
On the subject I pray you be dumb
MAIDS. Dumb, dumb!
MATSUKA. You'll find there are many
Who'd wed for a penny,
The word for your guidance is "Mum!"
MAIDS. Mum, mum!
MATSUKA. There's lots of good fish in the sea.

YU-GIRI (*in tears*). O grief making! It is not so! The august Ito is true to me. He would not dishonorably forsake for all the exalted princesses in the world. (*Recovers herself.*) Matsuka San, your unworthy insolence shall be

reported to her exalted highness. Permit me to gracefully withdraw from the stifling atmosphere of your honorable presence.

KIKU. The air is filled with the approach of some one. (*Looks L.*) It is she. Our gracious mistress, the Princess Abbu San. (*All kneel.*)

MASAGO (*rises and announces clearly*). The Princess approaches.

Enter from L. and R. the two PORTERS *bearing red banners with a white circle in center. They stand at rear L. C. and R. C.*

PORTERS (*announcing loudly*). Her Royal and Imperial Highness, the Daughter of the Sun, O Abbu San! (*Cymbals crash.*)

(*Music. The maidens all kneel, touching foreheads to floor.*)

Enter from L. ABBU, *her arms full of long-stemmed chrysanthemums. She comes down C. and sings.*

THE SUN AND I.

(*From Act II of Mikado.*)

ABBU. The sun whose rays are all ablaze
With ever-living glory,
Does not deny his majesty,
He scorns to tell a story.
He don't exclaim, "I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent,"
But fierce and bold, in fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent.
I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky.
We really know our worth,
The sun and I.

Observe his flame, that placid dame,
The moon's celestial highness;
There's not a trace upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness;

She borrows light that through the night
Mankind may all acclaim her,
And, truth to tell, she lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her.
Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I.

ABBU. Arise, my maidens, don't be uncomfortable while I tell this honorable audience who I am. Probably you already know that I am the Princess Abbu San, the most important personage in this play. Here in my sun-kissed palace I welcome you with ceremonial bow. Pray do not think that because I am a Princess, I am proud and haughty, hedged in by imperial mannerisms and the ceremony of the court. Really, I am very simple and I am called Yum-Yum, the madcap Princess, by all my retainers. Of course they only do this behind my back, but in truth, honorable audience, they have just reason for calling me Yum-Yum, the madcap. I am the only child of His Majesty and have been petted and spoiled all my life. But nevertheless I am as gay as the honorable kingfisher. Worries and cares I know not. But all this you shall see as the play progresses. I hope I am not boring you, but a Princess may take some liberties, you know. So, honorably excuse and take me into the crevices of your hearts and love me as the heroine of a play should be loved. Again I salute with ceremonial bow.

KIKU. O Princess, you have deigned to keep your august presence from us this morning. Dark clouds have reigned in the palace awaiting the sunlight of your exalted entrance.

ABBU. I have been wandering in the hyacinth gardens, where the white jasmine fills the air with fragrance for my painted nostrils. I have played hide-and-seek with the illustrious sunbeams. I rode my horse thrice around the venerated city. I arose with the dawn and great has been my honorable sport.

MATSUKA. Do you give exalted audience this morning, O Abbu San?

ABBU. I do. And whom do you think is honored guest? (*Draws* MATSUKA *and* KIKU *to her, others surround them.*) An honorable barbarian lady from far-away America. (*Takes calling card from sash.*) Mees Henrietta Dash, Richmond, Virginia. Newspaper correspondent, representing the Richmond *Sun*.

YU-GIRI. And what, O Princess, is the Richmond *Sun*.

ABBU. I know not. Perhaps it is a newspaper. She comes bearing letters of introduction from the American minister. It may be that she will put us in an honorable novel-book.

ALL (*delighted*). Oh! (*Clasp hands.*)

YU-GIRI. I do not desire to be put in honorable novel-book. My dignity—

ABBU. Cousin Yu-giri, you are too decorous. Unbend, exalted cousin, unbend.

YU-RIRI (*bowing very low*). I honorably obey. I unbend.

ABBU (*laughs merrily*). She unbends! Forgive discourteous laughter, Mist of the Evening. I fear you lack honorable sense of humor. (*To Maids.*) We give but brief audience to this honorable barbarian newspaper lady. After that we will revert to honorable childhood again. We will fly kites and shoot arrows. We will ride and dance and sing. Today and tomorrow shall be mine own. After that—(*Sighs.*)

MATSUKA. What worries my Princess?

ABBU. I shall disclose a secret. Gather round. Come closer. I have said that today and tomorrow are mine own. After that—(*pauses*).

ALL. After that, your highness?

ABBU. I shall no longer be mine own mistress.

MATSUKA. Your honorable meaning?

ABBU. Two nights from now His Imperial Majesty will give a state ball. And at that exalted ball His Majesty announces the engagement of poor little Abbu San.

YU-GIRI (*gasps*). Amairu aid me!

ABBU. Today I am a little child. Tomorrow a giddy maid. The next day, how short a time, I am fiancée. So

runs the world away. The sprig of lime awaits to adorn the door of the imperial palace.

YU-GIRI (*low moan*). No, no! (*Staggers.*)

ABBU. Yu-giri, cousin! You are unwell.

YU-GIRI. A sudden faintness. It will pass. Permit me to withdraw.

ABBU. At once. The ball last night was over-strenuous. Take her to her apartments. Rest dear cousin; soon I'll come to you.

YU-GIRI. It will pass. Excuse. (*Maid leads her out at L.*)

MATSUKA. The Lady Yu-giri has honorable heart-break. Oh, grief-making.

ABBU. Great is my solicitation.

KIKU (*looking off up R.*). Exalted Princess, the estimable barbarian is approaching the palace.

ABBU. Kiku, of august courtesy, you receive her. We shall soon appear. (*Soft music: Yankee Doodle.*) We go to make exalted toilet to honor barbarian lady. Come, my maidens. (*Exit L., followed by all save* KIKU.)

MASAGO (*rises and announces*). Mees Henrietta Dash, an American tourist and newspaper correspondent, accompanied by black serving maid, approaches imperial palace. (*Sits and embroiders.*)

KIKU. I welcome honorable barbarian. (*Exit R.*)

Music: Yankee Doodle, louder. Enter from R., KIKU, *backing in and bowing, then* HENRIETTA, *looking around and making notes. Finally* AUNT PARADISE, *much exhausted, puffing and blowing, fanning herself vigorously.*

KIKU. Welcome—a thousand welcomes to imperial palace of her exalted highness, the Princess Abbu San. She bids me unworthily state that she will give audience in few fleeting seconds. I beg leave to inform her highness of your august approach.

HENRIETTA. Thank you, Miss—(*hesitates*).

KIKU. My unworthy name is Kiku, meaning chrysanthemum flower.

HENRIETTA. Thank you, Miss Kiku. I am honored.

KIKU. I pray you, excuse. (*Bows and backs out L.*)

HENRIETTA. Well, here we are, Aunt Paradise, in the court of a royal Princess. Are you properly impressed?

AUNT P. Impressed? I'm so much impressed dat I can't draw ma breff. Lawsy, Miss 'Retta, I don't like dis yere place *a*-tall. Dis colored lady sure wishes she were back in ole Virginny. She sure does.

HENRIETTA. The idea, Aunt Paradise! Why, home was never like this.

AUNT P. No'm, home ain't nuffin' like dis, and I'se mighty glad and thankful dat it hain't. Don't hab no knives ner forkses, but eb'rybody has to eat wif a couple little sticks. And what does dey eat? Answer me dat? What does dey eat? I'se et so much rice and tea dat I'se black in de face. And some ob dere mixings. Lawd only knows what *is* in 'em. I jes' has to shet ma eyes and take 'em on faith. I'd gib 'leven thousand dollars for about fifteen slices of ole Virginny peanut-fed ham wif sugared yams on de side.

HENRIETTA. Yes, but think of the experiences you are having. You can tell all your friends all about Japan when you get home.

AUNT P. Yas'm, when I gets home I can, if I ever gets dere. But if dey rides me around in any more ob dese yere gin-rickeys, I know I'll neber see ole Virginny again. I nebber was so shook up in all ma born days. Think ob it. Me, a 'spectable colored lady ob de Baptist persuasion, ridin' 'round in a big baby-carriage, pulled by one ob dese yere no-count Japanese mulattoes. I don't like yaller folks nohow. I likes 'em white, and I likes 'em black; but dis yere yaller nebber did appeal to ma sense ob de beautiful.

HENRIETTA (*looking around making notes*). And just think, Aunt Paradise, this morning you are to be presented at court.

AUNT P. (*blinking*). Presented at court? (*Belligerently.*) Who is? *Who* is?

HENRIETTA. Why, you are—and so am I. We both are.

AUNT P. De last time I was presented at court, de judge

gib ma sister's husband's oldest offspring about sixty days on de rock-pile.

HENRIETTA (*laughs*). You don't understand. I mean, you are to meet the Princess. You comprehend that, don't you?

AUNT P. Yas'm, yas'm, I comprehends it all right, but I don't know what you means, dat's all.

HENRIETTA. The Princess is the daughter of the Queen. You know what a Queen is, don't you?

AUNT P. (*laughs loudly*). Yas'm. Yas ma'am. I knows what a queen is. Ace, king, queen, jack. De queen beats a jack.

HENRIETTA. No, no. This Princess is a lady surrounded by her court.

AUNT P. I don't like dat word court. I'se jest naturally suspicious of anything dat sounds like a policeman.

HENRIETTA (*making notes*). And the people are so charming, so naive. I've written six articles for the Richmond *Sun* on the Manners and Customs of the Japanese. (*Looks around.*) And the simplicity of their homes is charming.

AUNT P. (*looks around*). Lawsy massy, Miss 'Retta, dere homes is perfectly scandalious. What does dey sit on? Dey ain't even got no chairs. Dey jes' sits like a toad on de floor—and dat certainly ain't dignified. Why, every time I sets down in Japan, I jes' naturally loses ma jurisprudence.

HENRIETTA. And their soft-tinted, embroidered kimonos. Their native costumes are the most comfortable things in the world.

AUNT P. I don't like dese yere kimonos either. When I see a bunch ob dese Japaneeses runnin' around, looks to me like dey all dressed in night-gowns. And de men is jes' as bad as de women. Can't tell which is which. Every time I see one ob dem Japan men I feels like sayin' "Go on home, man; git back in de bed and pull de covers up over you!"

HENRIETTA (*laughs*). Why, Aunt Paradise!

AUNT P. I shore will be glad when my eyes lights on ole Virginny again.

Enter from L., KIKU, MATSUKA *and two other court ladies.*

ALL FOUR (*bowing to* HENRIETTA). Welcome—honorable welcome to American barbarian lady, Mees Dash!

HENRIETTA (*imitating bow*). Thank you, ladies. (*The four move in unison to* AUNT P. *and salute.*)

ALL FOUR. And welcome—honorable welcome to venerated black.

AUNT P. (*at R.*). What's dat you say?

KIKU. We humbly welcome honorable black lady to imperial court.

AUNT P. Lookee yere, gal, I wants it distinctly understood dat I ain't black. No, ma'am! I'se jes' only a highly seasoned mahogany—dat's all.

MATSUKA (*sharply unfurling fan, frightening* AUNT P.). We venerate honorable aged one.

AUNT P. I ain't so very aged, either. I's only 48. And I'se a highly 'spectable member of de cream ob ole Virginny colored aristocracy; dat's me!

Enter two PORTERS *from L. bearing banners. They stand at rear.*

PORTERS (*announcing*). Her Royal and Imperial Highness, the Daughter of the Sun, O Abbu San! (*Cymbal crash. The Japanese ladies kotow.*)

AUNT P. (*going to* HENRIETTA *at R. C.*). Miss 'Retta, has we all got to git down on our bended knees like dat?

HENRIETTA (*laughing*). Certainly, Aunt Paradise. Down on your kness. Down on your Japanese.

AUNT P. (*worried*). I can't bend down dataway. I ain't no jack-knife and I ain't in no church.

HENRIETTA. Well, then, just make a bow—a deep bow.

MATSUKA (*rises*). Very low honorable bow is enough. So! (*Bows, then kotows again.*)

AUNT P. Yas'm, much obliged. If I makes a low honorable bow like dat, I'm liable to fall down on ma honor-

able nose. (*Sighs.*) Lawsy, I shore wishes I was back in ole Virginny.

PORTERS. She comes. Her imperial highness! (*Cymbals clash.*)

Enter ABBU *from L. She stands at L.*

ABBU. I, Abbu San, greet you. Honorable welcome to my humble, unworthy palace.

HENRIETTA (*kneels and kisses* ABBU'S *hand*). Your Highness is too gracious.

ABBU. Arise, august barbarian lady. (*Turns to* AUNT P., *who is trying to make low bow.*) And you, too, venerated woman.

AUNT P. (*mutters*). Woman! De idea ob dat little Japanesess a-callin' me woman! Ain't dat scan'lous?

ABBU (*sits C., all sit*). Let us be augustly comfortable and enjoy exalted tea making. Bring tea. (*Lady exits L.*)

AUNT P. More tea? Dat makes thirty-two cups ob tea I'se done drunk already dis mornin'. I'd gib ninety-nine thousand dollars for a two-pint cup ob coffee and some stewed chicken giblets. Wish I was back in ole Virginny. (*Tea is served.*)

ABBU. Rose leaves for honorable tea. (*Rose leaf dropped in each cup. Note: Cups are empty, as is tea-pot. Japanese players invariably pantomime.*)

AUNT P. What's dat she's puttin' in ma tea?

ABBU (*to* HENRIETTA). And now, honorable lady, I beg you tell me of your land, of august customs, of merry makings. It is called Richmond, Virginia, is it not?

HENRIETTA. Yes, your Highness. And it's the dearest spot on earth.

AUNT P. Yas'm, and I shore wishes dat I was there.

ABBU (*to* HENRIETTA). Your conversation gives me much pleasure. Glad am I that you condescend to set dainty foot on unworthy floor.

AUNT P. (*showing very large shoes*). Dainty foot! Dat's me.

HENRIETTA. The pleasure is all mine. You see, I'm doing Japan for my paper.

ABBU (*puzzled*). Doing Japan. Pardon poor misunderstanding.

HENRIETTA. I am writing a series of articles about Japan. Tomorrow I go to the hill country for the annual chrysanthemum fête.

ABBU. O joy! Kiku, Matsuka! We, too, shall attend honorable fête in the hill country. It is my last day of freedom. We shall make enjoyable excursion. Where is Lady Yu-giri?

MATSUKA. She has left the palace. She has returned to honorable home of exalted, venerated mother.

ABBU (*to* HENRIETTA). It is my honorable relative. She is unwell.

MATSUKA (*to* ABBU). Does she accompany us on merry-making excursion to fête of the chrysanthemums, august Princess?

ABBU. Assuredly, if she is in honorable health.

KIKU. I think, O Princess, that she is disturbed concerning your exalted engagement with honorable Baron Ito.

ABBU (*amazed*). With honorable Ito? Pardon misunderstanding.

KIKU. He hath paid her much serious attention. He hath attached the lime to her honorable door. And now if he weds with your Imperial Highness, honorable Lady Yu-giri dies of heart-break.

ABBU. But honorable Baron weds not with me. His Imperial Highness mates me with one of rank superior to honorable Ito.

MATSUKA. But Lady Yu-giri fears you wed with her fiance.

ABBU (*to* HENRIETTA). Pardon our discourtesy, O fair barbarian, but my ladies make merry with me. (*To* MATSUKA). I dare not name my fiance without permission of His Majesty, but Yu-giri may rest assured it is not her honorable little Ito. And now, summon court geishas. (*Lady exits L.*) I prepare humble entertainment for your augustness, Mees Henrietta Dash.

Music. Enter four or six maidens in red kimonos with

Japanese parasols. They dance with many posings. For finale all assume pretty pose. Hold tableau.

FRONT CURTAIN FALLS.

INTERLUDE: *Before front curtain.*

MASAGO *comes to C. in front of curtain and bows.*

MASAGO (*bows to R.*). I bow. (*To C.*) I bow. (*To L.*) I bow. We thank you for gracious applause honorably given. True, we expected more, but the Japanese are notably polite and hide the feelings of honorable heart with smiling, gracious words. A word of advice, worthy audience. I pray you, be not over timid. Much applause gladdens the heart of the players. In fact, we should not be honorably frightened at an ovation. Our first scene is ended with kind approbation.

Now for the story. The honorable Lady Yu-giri, meaning in English Mist of the Evening, mad with jealousy, flies to the home of her august mother, the Duchess Fuji-no. You shall see worthy home of exalted duchess to which heart-broken Yu-giri is now speeding. (*Raps fan on wrist. Enter* ONO *from L. with gong, which she strikes once. She yawns lazily at audience and exits L.*) The palace of the Fuji-no. (*Crosses to R.*)

SCENE II.

Front curtains drawn, showing the room as before with two small mats in C. Small table at rear with wooden god, (use character doll or image Billikin), backed by red curtain containing Japanese writing. Bowl of rice on altar and small vase of flowering shrubs. FUJI-NO *discovered seated C. facing the audience.*

MASAGO. The Duchess Fuji-no! (*Resumes her seat at extreme R.*)

FUJI-NO (*seated*). For one of my exalted rank and glorious dignity to salute is folly. Know then that I am the august Duchess Fuji-no, mother of the heart-broken Yu-giri, though, of course, I do not know at the present speak-

ing that she *is* heart-broken. Blood relative am I of His Majesty, with my exalted, venerable head towering proudly in the clouds and my honorable spine held regally upright. Here I sit in my ducal palace awaiting the unfolding of the plot of our honorable play. My daughter approaches.

Enter YU-GIRI *from R., much agitated.*

YU-GIRI. O! grief making! Honorable mother, thy daughter is bowed to humble dust with sorrow and anguish. (*Sinks at her feet.*)

FUJI-NO. The daughter of Fuji-no is never bowed to the dust. Grief comes and grief goes, but the pride of our station remains. Arise, Yu-giri, and explain the cause of honorable tears.

YU-GIRI. Pray pardon, august relative, but first let me make appeal to household gods. (*Kotows in front of altar.*)

FUJI-NO. After devotions explain mysterious cause of grief-making.

YU-GIRI (*prostrate*). O Shinto, all powerful. O Benten, Amairu, aid me. Give me honorable power to conquer exalted rival. Give me beautiful fascinations. Give me low, seductive voice. Give me face of budding lotus flower and figure of graceful honorable weeping willow. In the hour of Ox will I make sacrifice. Let me not be dishonorably cast aside. Let me not be publicly disgraced. O Shinto! Give me love of honorable Ito. Let her not take him from me. Let her not, I pray thee. (*Sobs and falls prostrate before altar.*) O Shinto, Amairu, hear me, hear me!

FUJI-NO (*goes to her, comforts her and brings her C.*). Yu-giri, Mist of the Evening, be honorably comforted. 'Tis thy mother who speaks.

YU-GIRI. My dear mother!

FUJI-NO. Now thy grief-making tidings? You speak of exalted rival. You speak of public disgrace. You make a mother's heart break in twain in sympathy for beloved daughter. Speak. Confide in me.

YU-GIRI. It is the Princess.

FUJI-NO. Abbu San?

YU-GIRI. The same.

FUJI-NO. How hath exalted Princess offended Yu-giri?

YU-GIRI. She announces her engagement by the order of His Majesty. She is to marry.

FUJI-NO. But you, too, are fiancée. The sprig of lime adorn unworthy door.

YU-GIRI. The sprig of lime must be dishonorably removed. He—he is false to me. The Baron Ito has unworthily betrayed my trust. He seeks hand of imperial Princess in marriage.

FUJI-NO (*rises*). What! He dares? He dares thus affront the daughter of Fuji-no? He dares to do this unworthy thing. Black clouds envelop him! I shall be revenged. As Yorissima slew dragon, so shall I slay his hopes, his ambitions. He hath harmed the daughter of the Tiger. Let him beware the Tiger's vengeance.

YU-GIRI. Before all the court, before Matsuka San, she humbled me. The maidens laughed me to scorn. Mother, 'tis more than I can bear.

FUJI-NO. He casts you aside for the Princess? A public disgrace. May evil spirits clutch at both of them. May depths of night enfold them. May their hour of happiness turn to sorrow. May all their fruit wither on their trees and their harvests fail. May the typhoon destroy them as they have destroyed me and mine. 'Tis my curse. The curse of Fuji-no!

YU-GIRI. No, no, honorable mother, do not curse exalted Princess.

FUJI-NO. I have spoken. Fuji-no has spoken. May Benten aid me. I shall be revenged.

Enter KIKU *from R.*

KIKU (*bowing*). Excuse unworthy intrusion, but Lady Yu-giri is summoned by Imperial Princess to join merry-making excursion tomorrow to hill country. For honorable fête of chrysanthemums. We float tonight down the river. Her Highness is even now awaiting you.

YU-GIRI (*rising*). I thank thee, O Kiku San. I shall attend at once.

KIKU (*backing out*). Again, exalted Fuji-no, excuse unworthy one. (*Exits R.*)

YU-GIRI. What shall I do, venerated mother?

FUJI-NO. Go with her. Leave me alone. I would ponder with weighty thoughts.

YU-GIRI. Sayonara, my mother. (*Exits R.*)

FUJI-NO. It must not be. It shall not be. I must devise with honorable cunning a way to prevent this public disgrace. The Princess goes to the hill country. She must not return. The bandit Junzo will do night-black work of abduction. The arm of Fuji-no is long, the eye of Fuji-no shall not close until threatened disgrace is alleviated. I go to the prison. I forget exalted rank in order to visit wife of Junzo, the bandit. She shall aid me in return for her liberty. Now, Shinto, all powerful, be my aid, O Benten, guide my cunning. The Princess shall tarry long in the hill country and I shall be revenged. She shall plead with me for mercy, but Fuji-no knows no mercy. The pride of my house hath been assailed. I live but for revenge, revenge!

FRONT CURTAIN FALLS.

INTERLUDE: *Before front curtain.*

MASAGO (*rises and addresses the audience*). 'Tis the woman's ward of the imperial prison at Tokyo. Ohano, wife of the notorious robber and bandit chief, Junzo, has been captured and languishes in prison. This unworthy one assisted her husband in kidnapping children of noble birth and held them for ransom. The guilty pair were captured, but the husband Junzo escaped to the mountains. The prison!

SCENE III.

Front curtain rises disclosing bare stage. Screens at back. ONO *and* PORTERS *place chairs and stools to form three sides of a square at C.* ONO *stands at rear C. with back to audience. She holds a bamboo pole (easily obtained*

from a furniture store) *upright.* PORTERS *bring in* OHANO, *chained, and chain her to pole.*

MASAGO. The unworthy Ohano, stealer of honorable children. (*Resumes her seat. Exit* PORTERS.)

OHANO. Gentle listeners, behold me, the most unhappy of women. Imprisoned and coddling my brain with black thoughts. I yearn for the freedom of the hill country, where my honorable husband rules the bandits and outlaws. Alas, unhappy me! Caught like honorable rat in cruel trap. I can only bide my time and yearn for revenge.

Enter FUJI-NO *from L.*

FUJI-NO (*proudly*). Ohano, wife of Junzo, the bandit, a lady of rank most exalted would speak with thee.

OHANO (*sarcastically*). I am bound and chained. Speak on, O august one. I am defenseless.

FUJI-NO. Unhappy one, I would be thy friend.

OHANO (*amazed*). My friend? The friend of Ohano, the unfortunate? O, lady of exalted rank, speak on.

FUJI-NO. Mayhap I can procure thee thy liberty.

OHANO. Art thou, then, the wife of the honorable warden?

FUJI-NO. I am the exalted widow of the Duke Aoki, cousin of His Imperial Majesty, the Son of Heaven. I deign to make a bargain with thee.

OHANO. Unworthy am I to kiss the dust beneath thy honorable sandals.

FUJI-NO. Your husband has escaped, I hear.

OHANO. 'Tis true. He is in the hill country.

FUJI-NO. And Ohano would join her mate?

OHANO. As the dragon fly to the water lily.

FUJI-NO. This then, is the plan. This very night a maiden of the royal court travels to the hill country for the annual chrysanthemum fête to be held tomorrow at the Inn of a Million Welcomes. This lady is young and daring. Tomorrow she will ride the honorable horse and explore the hills. Mayhap she rides alone, mayhap with a few serving maids. If the mighty bandit chief, Junzo, and his honorable wife, Ohano, could capture this maiden and hold

her for three weeks, I myself would pay her ransom. But all this takes skill and bravery.

OHANO. Junzo, the unconquered, hath both skill and bravery. But how could this deed be accomplished? I am here, imprisoned, chained.

FUJI-NO. Imperial power opens doors of prisons, keys open locks of chains. Is it a bargain?

OHANO. And I will gain my liberty? O Benten, all merciful, Amairu, Nichoren, accept my thanks.

FUJI-NO. Remember, no harm must come to the maiden. It is my desire that she shall be held in honorable quiet for three weeks. A simple task for one as brave as Junzo. The lady will ride in the hills. The roads are lonely. You will recognize her by her imperial robe of crimson.

OHANO (*very much alarmed*). Imperial robe? O, honorable one, are we then to make captive the daughter of the Sun?

FUJI-NO. Do you unworthily hesitate? Do you prefer, perhaps, the prison and the chains?

OHANO. No, no! Ask what you will and your servants will obey. Only grant me my liberty and I will capture even the royal Princess herself.

FUGI-NO. Then you have no fear?

OHANO. Fear? If we are captured it will mean the removal of my honorable head.

FUJI-NO. The wife of the renowned Junzo is indeed worthy of so brave a mate. Methinks I am speaking to the trembling nurse-maid by the river front. I made honorable mistake. I thought I addressed a woman made brave by hate, a woman worthy of Junzo, the bandit.

OHANO. You speak to Ohano. I am brave as any woman. But still I am a woman.

FUJI-NO. Then you fear to do this deed?

OHANO. I do not fear.

FUJI-NO. 'Tis well. See, the key that unlocks thy bonds. (*Releases her in pantomime.*) See, you are free.

OHANO. And tomorrow the maiden shall be held captive awaiting your honorable desires.

FUJI-NO. 'Tis well. Follow me. I shall procure food and raiment. (*Turns to her.*) But if you fail, remember the arm of Fuji-no is long. Both your honorable head and the head of Junzo shall adorn the august pickets of my honorable gateway. I have spoken. (*Goes to exit L., turns.*) Remember. Follow me. (*Exits L.*)

OHANO. 'Tis sweet to taste the honorable air of liberty. But to capture a daughter wearing the imperial robe. 'Tis a task fraught with danger. Tomorrow is another day. I shall consult with honorable husband. Richness shall be ours and honor. (*Cross to door L.*) But without honorable head on happy shoulders, riches and honor are base indeed. I withdraw myself from your honorable gaze. (*Exits L.*)

FRONT CURTAIN FALLS.

MASAGO (*rises*). She travels to the hill country there to conspire with unworthy Junzo, the bandit, concerning the capturing of her august highness, O Abbu San. But fear not, gentle audience, the exalted Princess will yet escape the wicked Duchess Fuji-no. Good will triumph in the end and evil will be rewarded according to unworthy deserts.

FRONT CURTAIN RISES.

SCENE IV: *Same as before.*

ONO *and the* PORTERS *push eight stools together at C. Behind them they place eight tall chairs backs to audience. Chairs are placed together and close to the stools. The seats of the chairs facing rear, are taller than the stools. A long, oblong piece of dark cloth is placed over the backs of the chairs, forming a background for the maidens when they recline on the stools.*

A small blue Japanese lantern is hung on a pole and placed in the bow of the "boat." ONO *lowers the lights on stage.*

Two PORTERS *stand on chairs in stern of boat with large bamboo poles to be used as propellers.*

MASAGO. 'Tis a night boat that floats on the moon-kissed river leading from the Imperial City.

Soft music, "Slumber Boat." The PORTERS *pantomime pushing the boat. Behind the scenes rub two pieces of sand-paper together in time to the strokes.*

Enter ABBU, YU-GIRI, MATSUKA *and* KIKU *from L.* MATSUKA *and* KIKU *place pillows on stools and assist* ABBU *to mount. All are on the stools. Music ceases.*

ABBU. And now we will float, my maidens, among the lotus blooms, our silver sails filled with the perfume from the lemon groves. Ah! 'tis happiness! A flower boat afloat on a star-lit river of joy.

KIKU. The night birds perch on the moon rays and sing to us. Shall I bid the samisen answer their song.

ABBU. Ah, do. (KIKU *pantomimes playing. Soft music.*) See (*points to audience at L.*) the lotus lanterns of a love-boat floating in the moonlight. (*Follows imaginary boat from L. to R. with hand as she speaks.*) It holds two lovers in fond embrace. The silver starbeams sparkle on the almond blossoms in her hair.

YU-GIRI. And now we are passing the sandal-grove. The air is heavy with the perfume of sandal wood.

MATSUKA. See the honorable weeping willow trees. They bend over to kiss the moonlit ripples of the river.

ABBU. A night of soft perfume and tinkling music. We float, float, float. And I am honorably happy. Reach me that water lotus.

(ONO, *from her place at extreme L., kicks an artificial flower to C.* KIKU *reaches over and picks it. Music ends.*)

ABBU. A breeze from the rice fields. We are approaching the village. Do you remember, O Mimoso San, the little sleep song you learned from the venerated mission lady?

MATSUKA. I do remember. It is called Slumber Boat. Would your Highness care to hear unworthy voice of your Matsuka?

ABBU. Slumber Boat? Ah, yes. Sing, my Matsuka.

Music. MATSUKA *sings "The Slumber Boat," by Jessie L. Gaynor, the others joining in chorus.*

Slow Curtain as last chorus is sung.

MASAGO. For your kind approbation I thank you. In behalf of my sisters I salute you. I bow. (*Bows to L.*) I bow. (*Bows to C.*) I bow. (*Bows to R.*) Your worthy applause warms the hearts of my humble players. They would come forward and so tell you, did custom permit. But, most august and honorable audience, at the conclusion of the play you may bestow your kindly recognition upon my sisters as I condescend to introduce each individually to your excellencies. The first part of our play is ended. The second part is even better than the first. Again I bow. Honorable audience, I salute you. I bow. (*Retires.*)

Act II.

Interlude: *In front of curtain.*

When players are ready for the second act, Ono *comes up through the audience, mounts the stage, gazes at audience in a bored fashion and strikes once on the gong. She yawns. Crosses to L. Strikes gong again and exits L.*

Enter Masago. *She takes her customary place at side of stage and addresses the audience.*

Masago. It is the dooryard of an inn in a little country village in the hill country. The annual chrysanthemum fête is being held at the Inn of a Million Welcomes. The royal Princess and her maids are sleeping in the inn. Behold the revelling of the village maidens.

Scene I.

Front curtain rises, disclosing the courtyard of an inn. Natural evergreen trees around the stage and chrysanthemums blooming. Entrance to house down L.

Music. "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring!" From Act II of Mikado.

Enter from L. six maidens in rose colored kimonos. They enter in straight line with waltz step in time to music. Advance to front, retreat to rear, circle by threes. Assume tableau pose.

Enter from R. six maidens in yellow kimonos. They dance in time to music. Pose at rear.

Enter from L. six maidens in white kimonos. They dance and pose.

The eighteen (or fewer, if desired) maidens do dance in time to music. Then each plucks a chrysanthemum of the same color as her kimono. Note: The flowers must have stems four feet long. All pose with flowers and sing.

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

(*Act II, Mikado.*)

MAIDENS. The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,
Breathe promise of merry sunshine,
As we merrily dance and we sing, tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring, tra la,
Of summer and roses and wine.
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,
The flowers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la la la la, Tra la, la la la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,

(*All dance out at R.*)

Enter from L. MATSUKA *and* KIKU *in simple kimonos.*

MATSUKA (*sighs*). What an inn! I scarcely slept a wink. After the imperial court, to spend the night in such a place is torture.

KIKU. I wonder if her imperial highness has arisen? She has not summoned us for unworthy service. I, too, was awake half the night. Honorable sleep refused to woo me, but if the august Yum-Yum desires, the unworthy Kiku is willing to abide here for a month.

MATSUKA (*looking L.*). See the honorable Lady Yu-giri approaches. We are used to the madcap pranks of her Highness, O Kiku, but the Lady Yu-giri is too delicate for such hardships.

Enter from L. YU-GIRI *in costume of Act I.*

YU-GIRI. I honorably salute.

KIKU. We trust you spent an enjoyable night, Yu-giri.

YU-GIRI (*shudders*). Oh, speak not of the night. My bones were torn asunder. I hope that this midsummer madness of her Imperial Highness will soon be over and we may return to august court.

Enter ABBU *from L. All kotow.*

KIKU. August Princess! You have arisen?

ABBU (*laughs*). As you see with honorable eyes. I have arisen.

YU-GIRI. And you have dressed yourself with your own hands? Oh, princess, forgive unworthy neglect.

ABBU. Arise, all of you. Today I lay aside the cares of state. I am incognito. And listen well, my maidens. I pray you remember that for today I am no longer the Princess, but we are all simple little schoolgirls from the academy come to view the chrysanthemum fête.

YU-GIRI. A simple little school girl? I a simple little schoolgirl?

ABBU. Well, you may be our honorable chaperone, if you wish. You shall be honorable lady attended by three little maids.

YU-GIRI. Attended? You mean that you will attend me?

ABBU. That is my honorable meaning, cousin Yu-giri. Today I am only a simple little maid. Oh, what a relief! No imperial etiquette, no ringing bells to salute me, no cannons fired, no long and tedious addresses from the honorable mayor. Nothing but twenty-four hours of peace and comfort.

KIKU. But your dignity, princess, your imperial dignity?

ABBU. Oh, let me forget my imperial dignity. For one little day, my Kiku. When I return to court I am to be betrothed, and then my madcap days will be over. Let us have one last little day of freedom. It will be our secret forever. No one shall know, but we four.

MATSUKA. Your wish is our law, O Princess.

YU-GIRI. I acquiesce to my Princess' demands. But I am honorably shocked.

ABBU. 'Tis not the first time, Lady Yu-giri, that I have honorably shocked your finer sensibilities. Now, maidens, no one must recognize me.

YU-GIRI. Impossible. You who have been admired at all the courts of the Orient. You cannot disguise the honorable beauty. 'Twould be like the honorable sun trying to appear as an unworthy star. Your fund of information—your sparkling wit—

ABBU. Enough, Yu-giri, enough.

YU-GIRI. You, whose approach is like the sun over an eastern hill! The gods rain favor of grace and beauty and perfumed paths on such as you.

ABBU. I pray you, use up no more air in compliment. And remember that I exact of all of you the greatest possible discretion.

MATSUKA. But such a place is unworthy of your Highness. The cocks and the hens, the ducks and the drakes, are allowed full liberty to walk about wherever they think proper, and sometimes so far forget themselves as to walk even into the living rooms.

ABBU. Why not? They know they are welcome or they would not intrude. (*Laughing.*) They have their honorable living to pick up, how and when they can.

YU-GIRI. You sympathize with them! Happy ducks and drakes, blessed with so beneficent a sovereign!

ABBU. This is the plan. Yu-giri, you are a lady of rank traveling with three little maids from school. Girls, we are the three little maids. As for me, I would play hide-and-seek with the sun rays and the moon rays. I would laugh from the mountain peak at the typhoon sweeping the valley below. (*Looks R.*) Ah, see the dewy gardens beneath the drooping bamboos and the towering pines. The view from the mountain must be delightful. Come, Kiku, we shall investigate. (*Exit R.*)

KIKU. Your voice is like the honorable zephyr. I obey. (*Exit R.*)

(*Noise, voices and confusion heard off L. Cymbals clash.*)

OKUKU (*heard off L., yelling*). Have done! Out of this! Away with you! Take that—and that—and that! (*Crash.*)

MATSUKA (*down R. with* YU-GIRI). The gods defend us! What noise assails our ears?

Enter NATSU-NO *from L.*

NATSU-NO. I crave pardon, honorable ladies, for unseemly brawling within humble inn. 'Tis a band of villain-

ous tea-coolies, half drunk with sake. They rudely disturb honored guests.

YU-GIRI. May Shinto protect us! Drunken tea-coolies, you say, hostess?

NATSU-NO. Have no fear. My porter woman Okuku has the strength of three men. When unworthy coolies make disturbance, the valiant Okuku cracks their honorable heads with pole of stout bamboo. They fear Okuku and slink away like honorable whipped dog.

MATSUKA. A woman fight with drunken coolies?

NATSU-NO. Okuku has gentle, peace-loving nature like venerated cooing turtle dove. But she has strength of honorable tiger. Every villainous coolie in hill country fear stout bamboo pole of valiant Okuku. Even mighty Junzo, outlaw chief and terror of hill people, would not dare assail Okuku.

MATSUKA. Oh, we are in danger. Exalted Princess is in danger.

YU-GIRI. Let us flee from hill country. Let us return to imperial city.

NATSU-NO. There is no danger. Okuku can protect. (*Noise out L.* NATSU-NO *looks L.*) Even now hath she separated two fighting coolies. She strikes one in the middle with honorable pole. He doubles up like human jackknife. Now he slinks away. See, she attacks the other. He runs after his companion. And now she is calmly filling the flower vases. Ah, what a woman!

Enter HENRIETTA *and* AUNT P. *from L.*

AUNT P. Lemme get on de steam cars and take de nex' boat for ole Virginny. I don't like all dis yere fightin' and excitement. It makes me nervous.

HENRIETTA. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. I am going to write a story for my paper on the new woman of Japan, and I'll make that porter my heroine. I never saw anythng like it. She jumps right in a brawl, pushes one man here, and another there, knocks about her with a bamboo pole, and is mistress of all she surveys. That woman ought to be a general.

NATSU-NO. Pray overlook unseemly disturbance. To-day unworthy coolies receive monthly pay. They are filled with rice wine.

AUNT P. I knowed it wasn't tea. Never would act dat-away if dey's filled with tea.

NATSU-NO. I trust honorable barbarian ladies enjoyed pleasant dreams.

HENRIETTA. Oh, yes; we slept very well.

AUNT P. Slept well? Who—me? No, ma'am. When I sleeps I want a bed to sleep in. Las' night dey gibs me a little square piece ob wood and calls it a pillow. I certainly wish I was back in dat good ole Richmond, Virginny.

HENRIETTA. What time do the village maidens assemble for the fête?

NATSU-NO. Even now they are gathering perfumed flowers.

MATSUKA. But do they not fear drunken coolies?

NATSU-NO. That is why the fête is to be held here in the Inn of Million Welcomes, instead of on banks of venerated river. All assemble here to honor exalted blossoms. And it is my privilege to name queen of chrysanthemums.

HENRIETTA. How interesting. (*Makes note.*) Why are you selected to name the queen?

NATSU-NO. The honor is always accorded to the mistress of the inn. The most charming village maid is selected. I show no partiality but choose the maiden most worthy to wear the flowery crown.

AUNT P. I neber see so many flowers in all my life. But dey ain't got a single blossom dat can touch de sun-flowers in my back yard in ole Richmond, Virginny.

NATSU-NO (*taking* HENRIETTA *and* AUNT P. *to rear*). Permit me to exhibit honorable bossoms. (*Shows them the flowers.*)

Enter ABBU *and* KIKU *from R.*

YU-GIRI. O exalted Princess, we must leave this place at once. They have an unseemly brawling. Drunken tea-coolies are everywhere.

ABBU. Kai, Yu-giri. I fear no danger. They will not harm innocent little school girls.

YU-GIRI. But I am not an innocent little schoolgirl.

ABBU. True, I had forgotten. We are innocent maids, you are exalted lady chaperone. Kiku, Matsuka, bow to venerated chaperone. (*They bow.*)

KIKU. See Princess, the American lady and venerated black.

ABBU. They will not recognize us among so many. (*To* YU-GIRI.) Introduce us to honorable hostess. Tell her we are your charges, three little maids from school. And, remember, do not address me as honorable Princess. You are lady chaperone, we are simple maidens.

YU-GIRI (*raps on wrist with fan to attract attention of* NATSU-NO, *who hastens to her*). I am exalted lady from imperial city, come to view merry-making at fête of honorable chrysanthemums. (*Exeunt* HENRIETTA *and* AUNT P. *at L.*)

NATSU-NO. Humble Natsu-no, hostess of Inn of Million Welcomes, bows to you. And these, are they honorable daughters of exalted lady? (ABBU, MATSUKA *and* KIKU *giggle behind fans.*)

YU-GIRI (*annoyed*). Not at all. I have no honorable daughter. These are ladies—

ABBU (*interrupting*). Oh, no. Pardon unseemly interruption. We are not ladies, O Natsu-no, but three little maids from school. We would sing and dance. So! (*Dances.*) Come, venerated chaperone, join us. You, too, dance and sing.

YU-GIRI. I, dance and sing like unworthy geisha maid? I, the Lady Yu-giri, of exalted rank, dance at an inn?

ABBU. O, pardon us, lady of exalted rank. We humbly ask pardon.

(*Music cue.*)

ENSEMBLE SONG.

(*From Act I, Mikado.*)

ABBU, KIKU *and* MATSUKA (*at R. sing to* YU-GIRI, *who stands at C.*).

So please you, ma'am, we much regret
If we have failed in etiquette
Toward a dame of rank so high.
We shall know better by and by.

ABBU. But youth, of course, must have its fling,
So pardon us.

THE THREE. So pardon us.

MATSUKA. And don't, in girlhood's happy spring,
Be hard on us.

THE THREE. Be hard on us.

KIKU. If we're designed to dance and sing! (*They dance.*)
Tra la, la, la, la!

YU-GIRI (*at C.*). I think you ought to recollect
You cannot show too much respect
To-ward the highly-titled few.
But no one does, and why should you?

NATSU-NO (*indignantly at L.*)
That youth at us should have its fling
Is hard on us.

YU-GIRI *and* NATSU-NO.
Is hard on us.

YU-GIRI. To our prerogative we cling,
So pardon us.

YU-GIRI *and* NATSU-NO.
So pardon us
If we decline to dance and sing.

NATSU-NO. The village maids are assembling for the fête. (*Looks R.*)

YU-GIRI. But, hostess, is there safety here? If the drunken tea-coolies should assail—

NATSU-NO. Have no fear, august lady. My porter Okuku is of honorable strength, as you have seen.

ABBU (*to* YU-GIRI). What means worthy hostess?

YU-GIRI. Unworthy tea-coolies, filled with rice wine and sake, made disreputable disturbance. But they were abashed and silenced by worthy giantess porter called Okuku.

ABBU. A woman silenced them?

NATSU-NO. With aid of honorable broomstick. She is august, venerated watch-dog of Inn of Million Welcomes. But excuse, I pray. The fête begins.

Music. Enter UMI, SADA *and* YASA *with other village maids from R.*

UMI. Hail, august honorable Natsu-no. May you live a thousand years.

SADA. Hail, venerated hostess Natsu-no. May your inn never lack exalted guests and your field be ever pearly with rice.

YASA. Hail, beloved Natsu-no. You are entwined in the crevices of our hearts as honorable morning-glory twines over exalted pine.

MAIDS. All hail, honorable beloved Natsu-no. (YU-GIRI, MATSUKA *and* ABBU SAN *at L.* NATSU-NO *at C.* MAIDS *at R.*)

NATSU-NO. Behold the loving kindness of honorable neighbors. Today all is honey and sugared words, for well you know Natsu-no chooses the queen of fête. A flattering tongue is like honorable south wind, one day beloved zephyr, next day dangerous typhoon. The venerated cat shows velvet paws, but Natsu-no understands that scratching claws are hidden by velvet paws. But are all assembled?

UMI. All, august, honorable Natsu-no.

SADA. We are all here, venerated hostess.

YASA. No one is missing, beloved neighbor.

NATSU-NO. Forgive disagreement. All village maids are here save one. I do not see my valiant Okuku.

MAIDS (*laugh*). Okuku! O, 'tis laughter making! Okuku to try for the prize!

UMI. Okuku, the tiger of the kitchen. She is probably knocking the heads of seven or eight coolies together.

SADA. Or throwing two or three rice laborers in the duck pond.

YASA. Or pulling the unworthy nose of the powerful bandit chief, mighty Junzo.

MAIDS. She contest for a prize? O, laughter! (*All laugh.*)

NATSU-NO (*looking toward house*). She comes. My valiant porter, Okuku.

MAIDS (*bowing mockingly*). O hail, dainty little Okuku. O hail!

Enter from house OKUKU, *with pail and mop.*

OKUKU (*to* NATSU-NO). The house is cleaned, mistress. The tea-coolies have been dispersed and honorable quiet reigns within.

NATSU-NO. 'Tis well. I thank thee, valiant Okuku.

UMI. Why, she is not even in holiday attire!

SADA. She thinks her unadorned beauty is all sufficient. (*Laughter.*)

YASA. She comes to show us the wonders of her rose pink complexion. (*Laughter.*)

UMI. And her sparkling wit.

MAIDS (*point fingers at* OKUKU, *laughing*). Mighty sister of the ox, Okuku, the beautiful!

OKUKU. Wherefore do you squall around me like a parcel of hungry cats? What causes honorable laughter? (*Goes to* UMI.) Is it because my tongue isn't like yours, hung in the middle and wagging at both ends?

ABBU (*laughing*). Well done, honorable Okuku. (UMI *stares at* ABBU.)

OKUKU (*goes to* SADA). Or is it because my honorable nose points not heavenward, like yours?

ABBU (*laughs*). Pardon unworthy laughter. (*To court ladies.*) The worthy Okuku is a maid after my own heart. (MAIDS *stare at her.*)

OKUKU (*to* YASA). Perhaps you mock me because I am not bedecked in gaudy robes like dishonorable geisha? (*To* MAIDS) You dare to mock Okuku? You are like a parcel of little insignificant gnats trying to sting a mountain lion. Bah! You are unworthy bunch of chattering monkeys. I have no money to spend for gaudy dress or hair ornaments. I save my money for my venerated mother, who is poor and old. If she wants for nothing, what care I if I am

not garbed like honorable peacock? She considers me loving, dutiful daughter. She considers my ugly face as handsome, she considers my poor understanding as worthy wit. So laugh away, chattering monkeys, peacocks of dwarfed understanding. I laugh back at you. I mock as well as you. Natsu-no, my mistress, forgive dishonorable temper. I return to my work. (*Takes pail and mop and exits into house.*)

NATSU-NO. The temper of Okuku has been ruffled by the drunken coolies. I pray you, pardon seeming discourtesy. Come, unworthy feast has been prepared in insignificant inn. Enter and be welcome.

Music. MAIDENS *dance into house, followed by* YU-GIRI *and* NATSU-NO.

KIKU. The valiant Okuku deserves to win the prize.

MATSUKA. Never have I seen a woman like this porter. By her own might she hath quelled the disturbance caused by unworthy tea-coolies.

ABBU. Tomorrow, when I return to imperial court, I will send money as present to the valiant Okuku.

MASAGO (*rises*). Ohano, wife of Junzo, the bandit, has arrived in hill country determined to follow the dictates of wicked Duchess Fuji-no. Behold the treacherous Ohano, now disguised as woman peddler, approaching the Inn of Million Welcomes.

Enter OHANO *from R. disguised as peddler, carrying tray of fans ribbons, ivory ornaments, paper flowers, etc.*

OHANO (*to* KIKU, MATSUKA *and* ABBU). May I show honorable ladies humble wares of wrought ivory. Carvings have I fit for exalted ladyship. Flowers and hair ornaments, dainty fans, embroidered silks and cobweb laces.

KIKU (*to* ABBU). Will you deign to purchase?

ABBU. To purchase? I, a simple peasant maiden, purchase elegant trifles fit for court ladies? Impossible.

OHANO. Is there no exalted personage here in Million Welcome Inn?

MATSUKA. Exalted personage here? We know not. We

are simple country maidens come to the village for honorable fête of the chrysanthemums.

KIKU. Oh, I should love to see exalted personage!

ABBU. And I. It would be grandest, most wonderful day of my unworthy life to see exalted lady. Where is august exalted one?

OHANO. I know not. 'Tis rumored that imperial ladies attend fête of chrysanthemums.

Enter YU-GIRI *with open parasol.*

YU-GIRI. I weary of this simple peasant festival. Simple village life hath no attraction for one of my exalted being.

OHANO. Ah, exalted, august lady, deign to look on humble trinkets of unworthy peddler woman. (KIKU, MATSUKA *and* ABBU *stroll off at L.*)

YU-GIRI. Ah, excellent carvings in honorable ivory. Beautiful butterflies and fans. Embroideries and laces of wondrous texture.

OHANO. More have I in unworthy shop. If ladyship would deign to accompany peddler woman to shop—

YU-GIRI. I have no time. Some other day, perhaps—

OHANO. Wondrous things have I in unworthy shop. Magic spells and potions. Propitiations for the gods. Love philters—

YU-GIRI. Love philters?

OHANO. Aye, brewed in honorable light of new moon's tip. Three drops in simple cup of tea given to backward lover and you gain honorable affection for lifetime.

YU-GIRI. I will accompany you. Where is your shop?

OHANO. This way, exalted one—this way. (*Exit R. with* YU-GIRI.)

Enter from L., ABBU, MATSUKA *and* KIKU, *meeting* HENRIETTA *and* AUNT P., *who enter from R.*

HENRIETTA (*making notes*). And when do the festivities begin, my dear? (*Speaking to* ABBU.)

ABBU (*holding fan before face*). I do not know, honorable lady.

HENRIETTA. That voice! Sure, I recognize you. I've met you before.

ABBU. I have not been so honored, exalted barbarian.

HENRIETTA. 'Tis the Princess. (*Kneels.*)

AUNT P. Say, has I got to kneel like dat, too?

ABBU. Arise, honorable lady. You have penetrated unworthy disguise. I am indeed the Princess.

HENRIETTA. But you are disguised as a simple little peasant maid.

ABBU. For one little day, yes. I would escape the stifling air of august court and mingle with my people.

HENRIETTA. I've been looking everywhere for you, your Highness.

ABBU. Nay, do not so address me. I would preserve my disguise.

HENRIETTA. Pardon me.

ABBU. When hostess Natsu-no return, do you introduce us as three little school girls who would contest for prize of chrysanthemum fête. (*Music.*) See, they come. Kiku, Matsuka, come! (*Exit L., followed by* KIKU *and* MATSUKA.)

Enter NATSU-NO, UMI, SADA, YASA, OKUKU *and* MAIDS *from R.*

NATSU-NO. Let the honorable dance of the flowers begin. Then may the gods assist me to make worthy choice for queen of the honorable chrysanthemums.

HENRIETTA (*coming C., meeting* NATSU-NO). I bring some other candidates for the honor.

NATSU-NO. They are welcome. But where are they?

HENRIETTA. They will be here in a moment.

NATSU-NO. Are they ladies from the city?

HENRIETTA. Simple little schoolgirls from the academy.

UMI. These honorable schoolgirls chatter like parrots.

SADA. And they have the manners of honorable ox from the rice fields.

YASA. And their complexions are acutely disfigured.

NATSU-NO. Still we shall see them.

OKUKU. Yes, let us find out how honorably strong they

are. No maiden should receive the prize unless she is strong and healthy.

UMI. And hath a ready wit.

SADA. And dance like honorable reed swaying in the moonlight.

YASA. And be beautiful as serene lady moon.

UMI. I suppose these strangers will think they are more honorably clever than we.

OKUKU. Perhaps they are.

SADA. We must league against them.

YASA. We will laugh at them and cheapen them in the eyes of Natsu-no.

OKUKU. Enough. Cease your chatter. Here they come.

(*Music cue.*)

Enter ABBU, MATSUKA *and* KIKU *from L. They come to C. at rear.* NATSU-NO, AUNT P., HENRIETTA *down L.* OKUKU, UMI, SADA, YASA *down R.* MAIDS *up R. and L.*

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

(*From Act I of Mikado.*)

ABBU, MATSUKA *and* KIKU *advance from rear with short teetering steps, fans spread under chins.*

ALL. Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a schoolgirl well can be,
Fill'd to the brim with girlish glee,
Three little maids from school.

ABBU. Everything is a source of fun.
(*Shoots fan to left.*)

MATSUKA. Nobody's safe, for we care for none.
(*Same business.*)

KIKU. Life is a joke that's just begun. (*Same.*)

ALL. Three little maids from school.
(*They dance in circles.*)

ALL. Three little maids who all unwary
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary,

Three little maids from school,
Three little maids from school.

ABBU (*advancing*).

One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum,

MATSUKA (*advancing*).

Two little maids in attendance come,

KIKU (*advancing*).

Three little maids make a total sum.

ALL. Three little maids from school.

ABBU (*retreating*).

From three little maids take one away.

MATSUKA (*retreating*).

Two little maids remain, and they

KIKU (*retreating*).

Won't have to wait very long, they say.
Three little maids from school.
Three little maids who all unwary
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary,
Three little maids from school,
Three little maids from school.

NATSU-NO. Well sung, illustrious maidens. You are worthy credit to university.

UMI. I am no exalted judge, but in my opinion the song was somewhat egotistical.

SADA. And most assuredly they lack grace as dancers. I never saw such movements.

YASA. The peacock gracefully bends, but these honorable strangers waddle like three illustrious ducks.

OKUKU. When the eagle soars, barnyard geese are like to cackle.

(MAIDS *form chattering group at L.*)

ABBU (*to* MATSUKA *and* KIKU *at R.*). I suppose we must present ourselves.

MAIDS (*giggling*). They whisper. O laughter-making, honorable ducks.

KIKU. Why do they laugh thus?

MATSUKA. 'Tis bashfulness, no doubt.

ABBU (*advancing to C. and bowing*). Your pardon, honorable maidens—

UMI (*with loud laughter*). She calls us honorable maidens!

SADA. The gods protect me. I shall die of laughter.

ABBU (*puzzled*). Permit me—

YASA (*with loud laughter*). Permit me!

ABBU (*trying to continue*). Unworthy am I—

UMI. Right you are. Absolutely unworthy. (*Loud laughter.*)

ABBU. I seek in vain to comprehend—

OKUKU. Don't try to comprehend. These hissing geese are beyond comprehension.

KIKU (*to* NATSU-NO *at C.*). Why do they laugh, most worthy hostess?

NATSU-NO. They laugh at you because you are all so peculiar.

MATSUKA. What causes honorable merriment?

NATSU-NO. You wear beautiful gowns. But in order to become them you should be flowers of loveliness like Yasa here.

YASA (*proudly*). Words of august wisdom.

NATSU-NO. Possibly you have some exalted wit. What are your honorable names?

ABBU (*confused*). Our names? (*To* KIKU.) I have forgotten honorable names.

UMI (*saucily to* ABBU). Yes, your name. What are you called by? You have a name, haven't you?

SADA. Probably they left honorable names behind at university.

YASA. Or mislaid them on their august journey. (*Laughter.*)

OKUKU. Peace, you chattering sparrows. (*To ladies.*) Speak out, maidens. What are your names?

KIKU (*bashfully*). I am called Kiku.

YASA (*imitating her*). I am called Kiku.

UMI. Chrysanthemum flower.

SADA. A somewhat withered blossom.

OKUKU (*to* MATSUKA). And you?

MATSUKA (*proudly*). I am Miss Moonlight.

UMI. You don't shine well by day. Come around some time at night.

ABBU. I am Miss Peppermint.

OKUKU. Peppermint? That's what I put in my medicine for spring fever.

UMI. Do you think the young woman is a dose of medicine, worthy Okuku? (*Loud laughter.*)

ABBU (*to* OKUKU). Excuse, but have you any medicine that is honorable cure for impertinence?

SADA. Do you wish to take a dose, little stranger?

ABBU. Indeed I do, to administer to you.

SADA (*bows mockingly*). Oh, forgive, but I would not take food from your own lips. (*Laughter and applause.*)

NATSU-NO (*to* ABBU). You had best keep silent, my girl. Our Sada hath the cunning of venerated fox. One needs practice to cross swords with O Sada San.

ABBU (*sarcastically*). I fear that part of my education has been neglected.

OKUKU (*suddenly*). Can any of you make cream cheese?

LADIES. Cream cheese?

OKUKU. Yes, cream cheese.

KIKU. I fear not. That art is not taught in the greater learning of university.

NATSU-NO. And this is what is called education in Japan. (*Exit* OKUKU *at R.*)

AUNT P. Say, Miss 'Retta, what's all dis yere talkin' about?

HENRIETTA. I don't know. I can't make head or tail of it. But it will make an interesting story. (*Makes notes.*)

AUNT P. Lawsy, I cert'ny do wish I was back in ole Virginny.

NATSU-NO. Come, now, let the music begin. Take your honorable places.

Music. All form in pairs for dance, each with long-stemmed chrysanthemum. A few posings are danced. Then enter OKUKU *from R. much excited.*

OKUKU. Pardon interruption, but exalted guest with

thirty samauri soldiers has arrived and drives to Inn of Million Welcomes.

Enter FUJI-NO, *excited.*

FUJI-NO. Your revels cease. Assist me, all of you.

NATSU-NO. Yes, worthy lady, we—

FUJI-NO. To your knees. I am Fuji-no, Duchess of imperial court. (*Village persons all kotow.*)

MAIDENS O illustrious!

FUJI-NO. Where is she? Where is exalted Princess? Is she here? Has she been abducted?

KIKU. Hail, exalted Duchess—

FUJI-NO. Kiku San, why are you thus dressed? Where is honorable Highness? Where is my daughter, Yu-giri?

ABBU. You wish to speak to me, cousin?

FUJI-NO (*kotows*). The Princess! The gods be praised. You are here and safe. The gods be praised. Amairu, I thank thee that I arrived in time. Where is Yu-giri?

ABBU. She was here but a moment ago. She conversed with peddler woman.

FUJI-NO (*aghast*). With peddler woman! 'Twas Ohano, stealer of honorable children. (OKUKU *takes bamboo pole and exits at R.*)

ABBU. No, it was only a venerable peddler woman.

FUJI-NO. 'Twas a disguise. She sought to steal the Princess.

ABBU. She enticed Yu-giri to her shop to purchase trinkets.

FUJI-NO. I see it all. My daughter! My little Mist of the Evening. She has been abducted. Call out the Samauri. A thousand yen to him who rescues her. Find this peddler woman. At once.

ABBU. She went that way. (*Points.*) Come with me.

NATSU-NO. I'll inform the police. (*All exeunt at R. except* FUJI-NO.)

FUJI-NO. She will be murdered. My little Yu-giri only child of my old age. Oh, I am accursed! (*Kneels.*) Shinto, all powerful, have mercy. Forgive humble Fuji-no. Save my little Mist of the Evening. I will make sacrifice. I will

build shrine and temple. Only forgive black sin of Fuji-no and restore beloved daughter to supplicating arms. May all the gods have mercy. Forgive. Forgive. (*Falls prostrate, weeping.*)

Enter ABBU *from R.*

ABBU. Arise, dear cousin. Be comforted. The samauri are scouring the mountains. Your little Yu-giri will be restored to mother-arms. Be comforted. Shinto, all powerful, send you his aid.

FUJI-NO. This morning came honorable Baron Ito to door of unworthy house. He asked for Yu-giri. He begged pardon for seeming neglect. He put fresh lime upon unworthy door. He named the day for wedding with my Yu-giri, and now she is lost, stolen by bandit Junzo, and I am to blame. We thought the Baron Ito would wed with you.

ABBU. The Baron Ito? No, my cousin. His Imperial Majesty hath another suitor for me. One more to my capricious liking.

FUJI-NO (*looking at R.*). See they are returning, but no little Yu-giri accompanies them. Oh, she is lost. Lost to me forever. The god's cannot forgive. I am humbled to the dust. Wicked have I been, a traitor to my king and to my blood. But mother-love prompted me. And now she is lost to me. Lost to me forever. (*Rocks body, wrings hands and weeps.* ABBU *comforts her.*)

Enter NATSU-NO, HENRIETTA, AUNT P., KIKU, MATSUKA, MAIDS. *They assume positions at R. and L. of stage.*

NATSU-NO. The samauri are on the trail of wicked wife of Junzo. They have fled to the mountains.

FUJI-NO. But what of my daughter? Speak, woman, what of my Yu-giri?

NATSU-NO. It is said that unworthy Ohano had exalted lady as captive.

FUJI-NO. She mistook her for the Princess. Oh, I am justly punished. I shall never see my child again. Miserable mother that I am.

NATSU-NO. See, some one approaches. (*Looks R.*)

UMI. 'Tis Okuku. I recognize her giant figure.

KIKU. And with her is another. It is—it is Yu-giri.

FUJI-NO. Yu-giri? My daughter still lives?

ABBU. Your daughter lives.

Enter OKUKU, *leading* YU-GIRI, *whose hair is hanging and garments muddy and torn.*

OKUKU. Does this young woman belong here?

FUJI-NO. Yu-giri, beloved Mist of the Evening. (*Clasps her to breast.*)

YU-GIRI. My honored mother!

SADA (*to* NATSU-NO). It seems that exalted nobility has come among us.

NATSU-NO. A Duchess, an exalted Duchess at my humble inn. This is honor to hand down to my children and my children's children.

SADA. And she spoke of a Princess. Perhaps the Daughter of the Sun, Abbu San herself is here.

FUJI-NO. And where is villainous Ohano? Where is the woman who dared assault the daughter of Fuji-no?

OKUKU. I think she is mending her cracked head by this time. I hope you will excuse, but I was excited and smote harder than was necessary. (*Takes broom and pail.*) I go clean honorable stables.

FUJI-NO. Hold! Tell us more of your rescue, Yu-giri.

YU-GIRI. She dragged me by force to the mountains. She forced me upon honorable horse and tied me with a cord. We rode ever upward into the mountains. We reached cave dark as midnight. I was bound here. I begged for mercy, but there was no mercy. Then I fainted. When I recovered this angel of goodness (*points to* OKUKU) was bathing my wounds and we were homeward bound. She is most noble woman in all Japan. From henceforth she is enshrined in inmost core of honorable heart of Yu-giri.

FUJI-NO. Speak, venerated maiden, how came you to rescue my daughter alone?

OKUKU. I knew the ways of villainous Ohano. I followed her. I smote her unworthy skull and carried exalted

maiden away. It was very simple. (*Takes broom and pail.*) I go to clean honorable stable.

FUJI-NO. You shall be rewarded as becomes the preserver of the daughter of Fuji-no. Mist of the Evening, I bring joyful tidings. Her Imperial Highness weds not with honorable Ito, but with another. This morning came Baron Ito to my dwelling. The date of your wedding hath been set. Ito is faithful.

YU-GIRI. The gods be praised.

ABBU. Before we return to imperial court let us behold honorable fête of the chrysanthemums that we interrupted.

FUJI-NO. Your word is law exalted Princess.

NATSU-NO (*to* MAIDS). She called her exalted Princess. And you all dishonorably mocked at her. For shame.

UMI. You also mocked. Oh, I wonder if she will chop off honorable heads. (*Kotows to* ABBU.) Exalted one, forgive.

NATSU-NO (*and other villagers, kotowing*). Can you ever forgive words of foolish ones?

ABBU. Arise. It is seldom we have the privilege of hearing such frankness. The truth is ever refreshing, especially when one hears so little of it at court.

FUJI-NO (*at R. with* YU-GIRI). Oh, your Highness!

ABBU. Today I learned that I should not wear elegant gowns. To wear elegant gowns one must be a flower of beauty like Yasa here.

NATSU-NO (*kotows with* YASA). Forgive, O divine Daughter of the Sun. Forgive. Boil us not in sweet smelling oil. Allow us to keep our honorable heads on humble shoulders. Forgive!

OKUKU. Excuse, exalted one, but in hill country we have little learning, we only speak what is in unworthy mind. These maidens were unduly excited as to which would be chosen queen of chrysanthemums. They never meant a word they said. Did you maidens? Speak up!

MAIDS (*kotowing*). Not a word, Imperial Highness.

ABBU. Arise, all of you. Our dear cousin Yu-giri hath been miraculously restored. In honor of that august event, all are pardoned.

NATSU-NO. Your Imperial Highness shall select the queen.

ABBU. A queen should not be without territory. So with the crown I bestow the largest royal farm in the hill country.

ALL. O, your Highness!

UMI. And on whom does your sublimity deign to confer this gift of the gods?

ABBU. If it were to the wittiest and most nimble of tongue you, my child, should receive it; but honorable wit alone will not suffice. (UMI *retires disconcerted.* SADA *comes forward, gracefully bowing.*) And if it were for grace in dancing, the prize would go to you. But there are things higher than worthy grace. (*Turns to* YASA.) And if I awarded the prize for beauty, it should be yours; but you value your beauty so highly that you need no other prize. I choose a good maiden without vanity, without malice, who does her duty and who fears nothing, neither drunken tea-coolie nor infamous Ohano, stealer of honorable children.

MAIDS. It's Okuku.

OKUKU. Me? (*Embarrassed.*) I know not what to say. What shall I do? What is necessary for me to do? Must I bow to the dust? I know not. I think I'll go and clean honorable stable. (*Takes pail and broom.*)

ABBU. Hold! The prize is yours. The largest royal farm in the hill country.

OKUKU. Oh, forgive unworthy tears of honorable joy. My venerated mother will now be rich for life. (*Kotows to* ABBU.) My gratitude cannot find words.

ABBU. And now for belated dance of honorable chrysanthemums.

(*All pose for dance.*)

FINALE.

ALL. The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,
Breathe promise of merry sunshine,
As we merrily dance and we sing tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring, tra la,
Of summer and roses and wine. (*Posturing dance.*)

And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la,
The flowers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la,
(*Throws flowers at audience.*)
La, la, la, la, la, la,

CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE.

MASAGO (*coming to C.*). I bow and honorably waft my thanks. You have kindled the fires of joy in my heart and in the hearts of my sisters. I will now order the impeccable Ono to draw the curtain and the sisters will stand in the light of your honorable eyes as they stand in the light of your exalted favor. But, I pray thee, do not adulate too much. I shall nominate each in turn and they will personally honorably return thanks to excellent audience. I bow. (*Raps wrist with fan.*)

Enter ONO, *lazily. She strikes gong. Curtains rise, disclosing all characters posed and rigid as statues.* ONO *goes here and there, arranging pose, fixing draperies, elevating hands. Characters all stand rigid.*

MASAGO (*at extreme R.*). My heroine, the Princess Abbu San. (ABBU *bows to audience gracefully.*)
The exalted Duchess, now thoroughly repentant. (FUJI-NO *bows.*)
Mist of the Evening, betrothed to honorable Ito. (YUGIRI *bows.*)
The hostess of the inn. (NATSU-NO *bows.*)
The ladies Kiku and Matsuka. (*They bow together.*)
The village maidens. (*All bow.*)
The sister of the ox, valiant Okuku. (OKUKU *bows.*)
The unworthy stealer of honorable children. (OHANO *bows.*)
The American lady. (HENRIETTA *bows.*)
The venerated black!

AUNT P. Say, when is we all goin' back to ole Virginny? (*Bows.*)

MASAGO. My porters. (*They bow.*) And lastly, my maiden of the plastic countenance, now really visible to your august eyes. (ONO *bows.* MASAGO *takes place at C.*) And now, honorable audience, we bow. (*All bow.*) We honorably salute. Augustly we embrace you!

SLOW CURTAIN.

Parlor Matches

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

An engaging comedy of society, 2 acts; 4 males, 5 females. Time, 1½ hours. **Scene:** 1 simple interior. **Characters:** Vance Trelford, a professional hero, who doesn't want to be engaged. Don Radey, his cousin, a serious young man, engaged, thank you. Ferdinand Poppleton, a frivolous young man, likewise engaged. Jorkes, the butler, who may or may not be engaged. Mrs. Seltoon, who believes in engagements. Margaret Seltoon, her elder daughter, engaged to Mr. Radey. Suzanne Seltoon, her younger daughter, engaged to Mr. Poppleton. Gail Lawrence, her ward, engaging and eventually engaged. Abigail Mullen, A. B., her maid, temporarily engaged, as it were.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A morning in June at Solitaire Villa, Dovecote. Mrs. Seltoon smooths out the course of true love. "Whoever heard of a grass widow playing a heroine in a love scene?" "Oh, it's one of the best things they do." Mrs. Seltoon seeking a man for her niece. "What is his yearly income?" The butler's opinion of a woman A. B. "Near-sighted, men's shoes, short bedrabbled skirts, last year's hat and a banner saying Votes for Women!" The new maid who is a graduate from the Splinterville Normal. The moving picture hero. "Women make me nervous. I always keep out of their way." Symptoms of hydrophobia. "I bark, bow-wow-wow!" "His father is in oil and vinegar." "Is it a new kind of a bath?" Gail announces her engagement to the moving picture hero. "He's here in town!" "Fall, O walls, and crush me!"

Act II.—A dinner party. Ferdy decides to enlist in the army. A reconciliation. Abigail and Adrian Lee of the movies. "Those eyes, that nose, it's him?" "I've seen you propose in white flannels, in feathers, in full evening clothes, in a sailor suit, and in the garbage of a monk, and every time you've won her in the end." Gail and her fiancee. That odious Mr. Trelford. Dinner is served. Vance Trelford learns that he is engaged. "I expected it all along." "Yes, I begin to think that I did it myself."

Sewing for the Heathen

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 15 Cents

Entertainment for 9 ladies, either young or middle-aged. Time, 40 minutes. Can be played on any stage or platform, or even in any room. Very refined. Suitable for church or any society. **Characters:** Mrs. Judd, the hostess. Mrs. Chester, the president. Mrs. R. B. Powers, the stranger. Grandma Gibbs, deaf but persistent. Miss Luella Huggins, so sentimental. Mrs. Strong, a suffragist. Mrs. Meeker, gentle and good. Mrs. Day, a bride. Meely, the hired girl.

SYNOPSIS.

An anxious hostess. Meely wants to serve winny-wurst sandwiches and noodle soup. The mystery of the jardeniere. The President arrives before she is expected. "It was her hair; she hadn't got it all on yet." Red flannels for the Hottentots in the middle of Africa. A stranger in town, the rich Mrs. Powers. A trip down town. Grandma Gibbs and her ear-trumpet. The rich Mrs. Powers is mistaken for the dressmaker. The meeting of the society. A little tiff. The giddy Miss Huggins is late as usual. A present from the men. "Sewing for the Heathen."

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The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** 1 interior. **Characters:** Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you." On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors, 1 exterior. **Characters:** Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

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Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..12		
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